

E R R A T A.

PAGE 4 Line 11 for Burgravate read *Burgraviate*, *ibid.* l. 21 for ditto r. *ditto*, p. 6 l. 13 for heaving r. *having*, p. 7 l. 16 for disolated r. *desolated*, p. 23 l. 25 dele *in*, p. 38 l. 8 for chose r. *chosen*, *ibid.* l. 25 for Bailwicks r. *Bailiwicks*, p. 40 l. 20 for Earnest r. *Ernest*, p. 48 l. 12 after *of* r. *the*, p. 50 l. 3 for they r. *it*, p. 53 l. 7 for dffimulation r. *diffimulation*, p. 66 l. 17 for Provices r. *Provinces*, p. 67 l. 14 for succeeded r. *came*, p. 73 l. 19 for wore r. *worn*, p. 76 l. 1 for George r. *Frederic*, *ibid.* l. 9 for ditto r. *ditto*, p. 87 l. 7 for e'er r. *ere*, p. 90 l. 7 for oughts r. *noughts*, p. 105 l. 9 for trouble r. *aid*, p. 109 l. 24 for incroachment r. *incroachments*, p. 126 l. 17 for Maes r. *Maese*, p. 127 l. 4 for efects r. *Defects*, p. 129 l. 5 for perspecuity r. *perspicuity*, p. 136 l. 23 for he been had r. *be had been*, p. 146 l. 14 place the beginning of the Parenthesis after the word *sequestration*, p. 158 l. 7 for with r. *to*, p. 165 l. 1 for misunderstanding r. *difference*, p. 166 l. 14 r. a semicolon after *Augustus*, p. 182 l. 19 for belong r. *belongs*, p. 188 l. 16 for or r. *on*, p. 195 l. 11 for malversations r. *malversation*, p. 213 l. 19 for grandiers r. *grenadiers*, p. 218 l. 5. for was r. *it*, p. 240 l. 1 for are now r. *were*, *ibid.* l. 2 for guaranties r. *guarantied*, *ibid.* l. 4 for ditto r. *ditto*, *ibid.* l. 6 for shall r. *should*, p. 258 l. 9 for Bobitzes r. *Hobitzes*, p. 260 l. 18 dele *a*, p. 268 l. 7 for stupendious r. *stupendous*, *ibid.* l. 17 dele the semicolon, p. 276 l. 7 for widwives r. *midwives*, p. 294 l. 4 for Christana r. *Christina*, p. 309 p. 18 after happen r. *not only*, p. 310 l. 30 dele *Queen*, p. 337 l. 20 for strenthen r. *strengthen*, p. 340 l. 7 after inferiority r. *of the number*, *ibid.* *ibid.* after *to* r. *that of*, *ibid.* l. 15 for particulurly r. *particularly*, p. 341 l. 9 for complite r. *complete*, p. 352 l. 17 for Schwerin r. *Lehwald*, p. 353 l. 21 dele *the*, p. 354 l. 11 for manifest r. *manifests*, p. 357 l. 9 for whether r. *whitber*, p. 363 l. 27 for unsurmountable r. *insurmountable*, p. 384 l. 19 for have r. *had*, p. 386 l. 11 for Moth r. *Motbe*, 392 l. 24 for Lettaw r. *Littau*, p. 401 l. 13 for we r. *was*, p. 414 l. 22 for is r. *was*, p. 449 l. 13. for Conversations r. *Conversation*.

THE
LIFE *and* CHARACTER
OF
JANE SHORE.

COLLECTED

From our best HISTORIANS, chiefly
from the Writings of

Sir- THOMAS MORE;

Who was HER Cotemporary, and Personally knew HER.

Humbly offer'd to the Readers and Spectators of HER

T R A G E D Y

Written by Mr. ROWE.

Inscrib'd to

Mrs. O L D F I E L D.

*———Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus, & auratam Junoni cede juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.*

Juv. Sat. 6.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N, Printed : And Sold by J. Brown at the Black
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Price Six Pence.

THE CHARTER

OF THE

FROM THE

ST. THOMAS

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TO THE
Incomparable Representative of *Jane Shore*,
Mrs. O L D F I E L D.

MADAM,

THE great Encomium which Your Merits extort from every Body, is, That You Act Your Parts extreamly well. This wins You the Praise and Esteem of Poets and Spectators, and all that belong to Your Profession. I wish we could all do the like; we should then be a worthy, gallant People indeed. Many of us are daily kickt off the Stage, and ruin our selves; many more we put into Disorder and Confusion, by not acting our Parts as we might and ought to do.

My Business at present, is only to Light up Candles for the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*. A very small Matter! and yet what can be done without it? Where are either Actors or Spectators without Light? We cannot heartily Commiserate Your unfortunate Lady, nor Applaud You for appearing very like her, unless we are first acquainted with her True Story, and know from good Authority, that she really suffer'd the Hardships You complain of.

The Dedication.

For this purpose I have carefully examin'd all our best Historians, in their Accounts of the Reigns she is said to live in; and am as fully satisfied, as I am of any other Occurrence upon Record, "That the Rise and Fall of Jane Shore, "her Amours with King Edward IV. and his Chamberlain "Hastings, and the wretched State of Poverty and Shame "she was reduced to when they were dead, are no Fictions, "but real Matters of Fact, and every way as Considerable "as the greatest Genius of Poet or Actor can represent "them".

From these approved Authors, and especially from Sir Thomas More, who describes her Person and Circumstances with great Exactness, I have collected the Substance of the following Pages: Which I now present to the Gentlemen and Ladies who shall read her Tragedy, or see it Acted.

The Design of my Service is, to save them the Trouble of seeking after Books, which are not very common, and turning o'er large Volumes to find out those Passages, which lye together here in a little compass.

I presume, Madam, to borrow Reputation to this Life and Character, from Your Name, who will ever have Mrs. Shore's Wit and good Humour, but will, I hope, carry her Misfortunes no further than the Stage. For my self, I desire to be known by no other Name, than,

M A D A M,

Your most Humble Servant.

T H E
L I F E *and* C H A R A C T E R
O F
J A N E S H O R E.

IT is now Two hundred and thirty Years since *Edward IV.* of famous Memory was hurried out of this Mortal Life, by a short and violent Fit of Sicknefs. Of whom it will be necessary to fay something, in order to the clearer Understanding of the ensuing History.

Edward, the Fourth of that Name, and Fifty fourth Monarch of this Land, was a Prince so happily adorned with all the Accomplishments of Mind, Body and Estate, that he seem'd to be the Darling of Nature and Fortune. His Body was framed and proportioned to an uncommon degree of Symmetry and Exactness; his Aspect was very bright and inviting; his Hair gay and flowing, and all his Limbs and Features were wonderfully regular; yet with this Delicacy he was blest with as much Vigour, Health, and Strength of Constitution, as Men of the most robust and athletick Size are capable of enjoying.

But Nature, for this her Liberality in external Gifts, made no abatement (as she sometimes does) in the inward Furniture and Faculties of the Soul. For our Prince had a large extent of Wit, and a great Sagacity, which certainly was owing to Nature. Not that we question his Parents Care in giving him the best Education the Times would afford: But the Age wherein he lived could not much improve Mens Parts by Books and Learning; neither indeed could he find time for such peaceful Studies;

Studies, if they had been more in fashion, the Trumpet sounding too loud in his Ears, to admit much serious Conversation with the Muses. However, he could think and speak very well, his Wit was sharp and ready, just and free from those little Subtilties which some Men value themselves upon.

In his Councils he was judicious, and adjusted Matters of greatest Importance with little Difficulty: For his Understanding was clear and dextrous in resolving Doubts, not dark and cloudy, and apt to create them. His Wisdom was always bent to discern the Truth, and rarely fail'd to inform him right, as appears by the management of his Affairs both in Peace and War; in neither of which (so far as concern'd the Politick part) did he ever commit any considerable Error.

Great Judgment in leading his Armies, and personal Courage in fighting with his own Hand, speak him both a daring Soldier, and an expert Commander. And the many Battles he fought, in all which he triumph'd, make him as much to be admired for his Military Discipline, as his happy Success.

Notwithstanding Fortune had a great share in him, and wantonly boasted her Power and Favour to him, raising him then highest, when all the World, and even his own Hopes, had forsaken him. For presently upon the Slaughter of his Father at the Battle of *Wakefield*, and the Overthrow of his great Supporter the Earl of *Warwick* at that of *St. Albans*, she mounted him on the Throne, making the Queen and House of *Lancaster*, when doubly Victorious, retire as overcome; and the universal Acclamations of the People set the Regal Diadem on his Head, while his Father's, as a Traitor, was fixt upon the Walls of *York*, with the scornful Reproach of a Paper Crown upon it. And afterwards, when from a mighty Prince he was become a miserable Exile, forced by the Treason of his chiefest Counsellors, and Power of his greatest Enemy, to fly into *Burgundy*, where likewise he met but with feign'd Respect and Kindness; she restored him to what at first she gave: And whereas at his return to *England*, his Forces were so weak, that he humbly sued to be restored only to his Father's Dutchy, and vowed never to attempt the Crown, she violently forced it on him, protesting (by the Mouths
of

of the Nobility which resorted to him at *Nottingham*) not to afford him Safety, if he refused the Sovereignty. By which amorous way of Threatning, she in a Manner woo'd him to accept, what he durst not then hope to recover.

In all this he discover'd a Genius truly great and good. For Prosperity rais'd him but to a Complacency in his Fortune, not to a Disdain of others for their Losses, or a Pride in his own Acquisitions. And when he had most Security in his Kingdom, and consequently most Allurements to Tyranny, then did he shew himself most familiar and indulgent.

Indeed the Goodness of his Nature was something extravagant towards the fair Sex, and degenerated into a Criminal Affection for them. For tho' he had marry'd a *Lady who charm'd him with her Beauty, Modesty, Virtue, and excellent Parts and Sense, and made her his Queen against his Duty to his Mother, who earnestly dissuaded him from it, and to the Ruin of his Interest with his great and dangerous Friend *Warwick*, who was at that time, by his Order, treating a Marriage for him with the *French King's* Daughter, which shews that he was passionately in Love with this Lady, yet his amorous Appetite was not so satisfy'd, but run astray after several other Women, whom he took to a Partnership of his Bed; of whom, she that he is reported to have loved best, and who has obtain'd the largest Place in the Histories of those Times, was the celebrated *Jane Shore*, whose Life and Character I am now to give you.

In drawing of which, I shall set before me a Piece taken from the Life, by the accurate Hand of the most ingenious and learned Sir *Thomas More*, who in his † History of *Richard III*, where he mentions the Barbarity of that Tyrant towards some of the late King *Edward's* Friends, takes occasion to speak very particularly of the Person and Fortunes of this Gentlewoman, who, he tells us, was alive in the eighteenth Year of King *Henry VIII*, in whose Reign, 'tis well known, Sir *Thomas* was Lord Chancellor. Being therefore her Cotemporary, and living at Court,

* Elizabeth, the Widow of Sir John Gray.

† But he was not yet Crown'd, tho' he managed Affairs, and therefore 'tis in that Part call'd, The Life of *Edward V.* he being not yet murder'd.

Court, he had seen her often, and was very capable to give that exact Description and Account of her, as he has left us. So that I shall build upon his Foundation in all the material Parts of her Story, and depart from him only in some slight Circumstances relating to her Family, which he did not think fit to remember, and must therefore be taken as they are convey'd down to us by more obscure Pens; against which however I see no Cause to except in a Matter of this Nature, which People commonly know and remember better than they do other things.

Jane Shore's Maiden Name was *Wainstead*, being the only Child of Mr. *Thomas Wainstead* a Mercer of a good Figure and Reputation in *Cheapside, London*. She was bred up with all the Care and Tenderness which is Natural from indulgent Parents to an only Child, and none of the fine Qualifications which serve to recommend young Ladies, as Musick, Singing, Dancing, were left out of her Education. Besides, her Father's Trade lying among the Court Ladies, he had frequent Opportunities to shew his little Daughter the Gallantries and Diversions of the Royal Palace; which made strong Impressions upon her witty Fancy, and brought her to disrelish the common Shews and Entertainments of the City.

As she grew up, she made wonderful Improvements in all the Parts of good Breeding, and soon was Mistress of more Wit and good Humour than the rest of her Sex. This, together with her graceful Mien and pretty Features, drew the Eyes of all Men to take Notice of her, which they could not do without doating on her Charms, and fixing her lovely Image in their Souls,

Several great Lords had set their Hearts upon her, and their Heads were at Work how to get her for a Mistress. Which when her Father perceived, he thought it high time to rescue her from being made their Prey, and sent her to take the Country Air, with a Sister of his who dwelt in *Northampton*. Here she continued for about Twelve Months; which was thought time long enough for the Passion of her Lovers to cool in,

in, and their Inquiries after her to cease; and so she was recall'd again to her Father's House. But Lust and Envy are watchful Things. No sooner was she brought to Town, but the Lord *Hastings*, the King's Chamberlain, had laid a Design to carry her off by Night in his Chariot; and in order to effect it, had bribed Mr. *Wainstead's* Maid with a Present of Gold, to give him an Opportunity, and assist him in the Rape. But the Wench had the Grace to repent, and discover the Plot in time to her Master; and so the Execution of it was prevented.

Mr. *Wainstead* was now fully convinced, that he could not, without the utmost Hazard, continue his Daughter in a single State, the common Mark of Beaus and Gallants; and therefore, tho' she was very young, he resolv'd to cut off the Hopes of all lewd Pretenders, by throwing her immediately into the Arms of an Husband. Among those who made honourable Love to her, was Mr. * *Matthew Shore*, a rich Goldsmith in *Lum-bard-street*, and a Man of a very fair Character both for Religion and Morals. Which Considerations determin'd her Father to make Choice of him for her Husband. But the young Lady was not over-fond of the Match. However, the Authority of a kind Father, and the costly Presents of a rich and generous Lover, brought her, at least in Appearance, to consent to it. Whereupon their Wedding was solemnized with great Pomp and Splendor, many Ladies and Gentlemen from the Court, as well as the City, shining at the Marriage Feast, in their most sumptuous Equipage and Attire.

We must leave it to the Readers to imagine with what a Gust the Bridegroom receiv'd his welcome Bride, the Pride and Envy of all her Sex. In short, he was over-amorous and fond of her, which good Judges say, is apt to paul a Woman's Love to her Husband. He spared for no Gold nor Jewels to bespangle her and set her off; which, with her own native Beauty, made her as glorious as an Angel. But this was adding Fuel to the Fire, and making her shine too bright
B for

* He was probably the Brother of Richard Shore, Draper, Sheriff of London in the Year 1505. who was a good Benefactor to St. Mary Woolchurch, and St. Mildred's Poultry, as we find in Stow's Survey of London.

for the Sphere of a Goldsmith's Shop; as afterwards he found, when it was too late.

The Lord *Hastings*, who had formerly attempted to ravish the Bud of this blooming Beauty, was not at all pleased to hear she had changed her Condition. However, he had not chang'd his Passion for her. He waited on her to wish her Joy; and being courteously received, repeated his Visits, and sometimes invited the marry'd Couple to Court, where he entertain'd them with everything that was desireable. This brought him into great Familiarity and Confidence with them; so that he found Opportunities to be alone with Mrs. *Shore*, wherein he fail'd not to prosecute his lewd Design, plying her with Presents and fond Discourses, to allure her to transgress her Nuptial Vow. But she was so very facetious and witty, and so baffled him with her quick and smart Replies, that he could make nothing of her: When he flatter'd himself that she was just disposed to yield to his Embraces, then to his Confusion he found himself quite disappointed and left to Despair of ever succeeding. It is reported, that one Day being alone with her, and resolving to make his last Effort upon her Chastity, he flung her upon a Bed that stood in the Room, and went about to force her. But she disengaged her self from him, and run to her Husband, telling him plainly what Rudeness the Lord *Hastings* had offer'd to her; which obliged Mr. *Shore* to expostulate modestly with his Lordship, and desire him to forbear making any more Visits at his House.

At this my Lord was so overwhelm'd with Indignation and Shame, that he vow'd he would be reveng'd on them both, and send such a Rival in his Room, as neither the Husband's Authority nor the Wife's Chastity should be able to withstand. We told you before, that he was Chamberlain to King *Edward*, whose Inclinations to fine Women he understood perfectly well. And considering that his tedious Wars and Struggles with the House of *Lancaster* were happily ended, and he in quiet Possession of the Crown, and at Leisure to attend the pleasing Adventure, he takes a fit Opportunity, when his Prince was agreeably disposed, and gives him an Account of his late
Enter-

Entertainments at Mr. *Shore's*, and how much his Wife excell'd all the Females that ever he had conversed with in Beauty; Wit, Education, and every thing that was lovely and desir'd in one of her Sex.

These Encomiums made by a florid Orator upon a grateful and well deserving Subject, sensibly touch'd the Heart of a * young Voluptuous Monarch, who was above the fear of the Laws, and had by his early Excesses given Countenance and Reputation to vitious Love. He was impatient to make nearer Approaches to the Fire which had warm'd his Heart at a distance; and Fame has told us that he compass'd his End by the following means.

He put himself into the Habit of a Merchant, and with the Attendance of only one Servant, withdrew privately from Court, and came to Mr. *Shore's*. Finding the good Man busie in his Affairs, he sat down till he was at leisure, and then desired to see some Plate, which was shew'd him, and he soon agreed for a considerable quantity, under pretence of carrying it with him beyond Sea. But not seeing her who was the only Reason of his coming thither, and unwilling to depart without his Errand, he fell into Discourse of News and Trade, and several diverting Subjects. At last they came to the Topick of Matrimony. *'Tis pity, says the King, that there is not a Mistress to this fair House. I fancy, Sir, I could fit you with one that is young, beautiful, and a very good Fortune.* Sir, said Mr. *Shore*, I give you many Thanks, I am already provided; And thereupon calls down his Wife. Who presently appear'd a lovely Creature, not only equal, but superior to the great Character which the Lord *Hastings* had given of her. She was Drest according to the nicest Fashion of those Times, and her fond Husband could not see her want any Gold or Jewels which his rich Shop afforded.

But her most engaging Charms were those which Nature had bestow'd on her. Of which the following Description is recommended as Authentick, and given by the Pen of an Eye-witness, thus: *Her Stature was somewhat Low, her Hair of a Dark*
B 2
Yellow,

* He was probably at this time not above Five and Twenty, certainly under Thirty, for his whole Life made but One and Forty Years, of which he Reign'd Three and Twenty.

Yellow, her Face Round, her Eyes Gray, her Body Plump, her Skin White and Smooth, her Aspect Sweet and Cheerful, her Air Brisk and Sprightly, and her Deportment extremely Courteous and Obliging. Her Cotemporary Sir Thomas More, allows her Beauty to have been exact in every thing, except her height. *Proper she was, says he, and Fair ; nothing in her Body that you could have changed, unless you would have wish'd her a little higher.* Yet he says, this Beauty, so near to Perfection, was not the thing which charm'd Men so powerfully, as her admirable and never-failing Wit, which made her Conversation incomparably delightful. For she never appear'd fullen or out of Humour, but easy and pleasant at all times. Neither apt to be mute, nor to pour out words without measure, or punish the Company with Impertinent Noise and Nonsense. Her Answers were ready and much to the purpose ; and she would rally with a peculiar Smartness, yet with such just Wit and good Manners, as never to offend or distaste any Body.

By the Character we have already given of the King, you may reasonably presume that a Woman of these Qualifications would prove a strong Temptation to him, who was himself a Person of Wit and good Humour, as appears in several of his Sayings, especially in that Dialogue he had with his Mother about his Marriage with the Lady Grey. And now having sat a while in full view of Mrs Shore's irresistible Charms, ravish'd with the Musick of her Enchanting Tongue, he unwillingly took his leave, resolved at any rate to Purchase the inestimable Jewel, and have the free and full Enjoyment of her.

But for the way of making his Approaches, he consider'd, that to go disguised to her Husband's House, he could not long be conceal'd ; and if he should, yet when his Business was known, he must expect the same Repulse which his Chamberlain had before : To Court her like a King in *Lumbard-street*, would be too much a lessening of his Majesty : And to force her from her lawful Husband's Embraces, would look Tyrannical, and enrage the People, who might apprehend the like Violence to their own Wives and Daughters. But he must have her, and
with

with her own Consent ; for Love has no Charms nor Satisfaction in it, except it be mutual and unconstrain'd on both sides.

To insinuate himself therefore into her Affections, and draw her to his Arms by fond Allurements, he confers with the Lord *Hastings* what was to be done. He, when he perceived his Master's Concern, told him with a Smile, he would soon make him Easie. There was one Mrs. *Blague*, a Lace-woman to the Court, who was Mrs. *Shore's* Neighbour, and intimately acquainted with her. They often visited, and spent the Evenings together. She was a very intreaguing Dame, and for Money would betray, not only her best Friend, but her own Daughter. He presented her with a Purse of Gold, and bid her hope for greater Matters, if she would well and faithfully serve her Prince ; and then communicated the whole Affair to her, which she undertook to manage with the utmost Secrecy and Conduct.

Now Mrs. *Blague's* House was the Field wherein the King was to Sport with his lovely Game. Thither he came several times in Disguise, and luxurious Entertainments (the Fuel of Lust) were constantly provided. The old Procureress acted up to the Rules of her Trade, and often left Mrs. *Shore* alone with her Royal Gallant, who made the best Use of his Time, and used all the Arts of a passionate Lover to gain her Affections. But she, like a cunning Fencer, kept him at a due Distance, proving Inflexible to all his Attempts. And perceiving his Desires to be every time more eager and inflam'd, she took her Friend Mrs. *Blague*, and very seriously expostulated with her, for suffering such a rude Man to frequent her House, telling her the wicked Design he had upon her Virtue. Her Friend shew'd a well-feign'd Confusion at the Story, protesting she took him to be a very modest Gentleman, and promised her she should be troubled with no more of his Company.

But the Intreague was not to break off here. The City was apprized of a splendid *Musque* ready to be presented at Court, and the Fair Sex were preparing for it. Mrs. *Blague* undertook, with Mr. *Shore's* leave, to help his Spouse to a good Place ; which Offer she gladly accepted, and (not suspecting the

the Plot) put her self in a Dress that might vie with the greatest Court Ladies. After much Pastime and Diversion, a Man of an extraordinary Figure stands out to Dance; upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the Ladies whisper, *That's the King*: Who had soon spied her through his Mask (for he knew where to look for her) and stepping to her Seat, took her out for his Partner. When she had performed her Part with great Applause, he places her again in her Seat, slips a Letter into her Hand, and retires. The Entertainment being ended, she Posts away with Mrs. *Blague*, and the first Opportunity she could get, opens the Letter: Which was to acquaint her, that the Person who had lately waited on her, was the King; who condescended Humbly to solicit her Love, which he valued above all Things in the World, and offer'd her all the Delights and Pleasures of his Court in recompence for it.

Upon this plain Discovery, she was not a little concern'd and divided in her Thoughts what to do; but advising with her Companion, who was privately bribed to Betray her, she plyed her with such Arguments as determin'd her to prefer the King before the Goldsmith.

It may be remember'd, that Mrs. *Shore* was Married very Young, to a Person who never was in full Possession of her Heart: And tho' she wanted nothing, which a Woman of her Rank could expect or desire, yet she was Ambitious of shining in the Highest Sphere; her Heart was much set upon Pleasures and Entertainments, she mightily fancied rich Attire and great Attendance, and knew very well that the Court is the Fountain of all these Felicities. For these Reasons she left the Tradesman and his Shop, to reign with the King in his Palace.

Nothing now remain'd for her to do, but to change her Station with as much Secrecy and Silence as she could. Mrs. *Blague* had given the King notice of her successful Management for him; who immediately sent a Chariot to her House, to bring off the long-desired Prize. Thither likewise Mrs. *Shore* convey'd her Jewels, and choicest Things, intending not to stay long behind them. However, she sat down to Supper with her Husband, and was shewing her self very Complaisant to him; when

when on a sudden a Messenger came with a feign'd Errand, That her Mother was taken very Ill, and must needs speak with her presently. Her Husband would have gone along with her; but she found Reasons to leave him at Home, and so giving him the last Kiss he ever had of her Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, took her leave of him. Mrs. *Blague* went into the Chariot with her, and soon lodg'd this Treasure of Beauty in her Monarch's Arms.

Her forsaken Husband past the tedious Hours till very late at Night, waiting for the return of his Wife: Upon whose continued Absence he grew much troubled and concern'd, and went to seek her at her Mother's House: but she had not seen her all that Day, nor had been ill, as was pretended. This struck him with great Consternation, and he run about from one Relation to another, to find her out. All the next Day was spent to as little purpose; so that the poor Man was almost out of his Wits for her, and concluded (from what had been formerly attempted) that she was carried away by some amorous Courtier; but it was not long e'er he had full Assurance given him, that she was entertained by the King as his Bed-fellow. This put him out of all hopes of ever recovering her again. The best Historians say, that from this time he entirely quitted her to her Royal Lover, and had never any further Enjoyment of her. Others add, that the unhappy Man was thrown into a deep Melancholy by this Misfortune, and became incapable of following his Business; and to cure his distemper'd Mind, went into Foreign Parts, and travell'd in *Flanders, France, Spain and Turkey*, till he had spent all that he had. And returning home when he thought every body had forgot him, lived poorly, and died miserably in the Reign of *Henry VII*, as his unfaithful Wife, the Cause of his Sufferings, did afterwards in the succeeding Reign.

But at present she was mounted to the highest point of Elevation that her fond Prince could raise her to, excepting only this, that she was not his lawful *Queen*; whom certainly she eclipsed, as she did all the rest of his Mistresses. For whoever had any Favour to solicit at Court, they made Mrs. *Shore* their
Patro.

Patroness to the King, as knowing she had the greatest Influence over him. Indeed he loved her so well, he could deny her nothing. Many times when Offenders lay under his heavy Displeasure, and the greatest Court Favourites durst not presume to intercede for them; she, with her sprightly Wit and pleasant Humour, would so mollifie and sweeten the King, that many a Man's Life was saved, many a Fine remitted, and many a poor Prisoner set at Liberty. The good Offices she did for all sorts of People, Rich and Poor, in City and Country, were numberless, and had made up a large part of her History, if the World were as grateful as it is revengeful, and as apt to remember good, as ill turns; but the former Men write in Dust, and the other in Marble. One thing is particularly recorded, that she obtain'd of the King for her old Acquaintance Mrs. *Blague*, an Estate of the value of Two hundred Pounds a Year. A kind Requital of an ill piece of Service! And this is said of her in general, that she never used her great Interest with the King to hurt any Creature, or serve herself in any Act of Spleen or Revenge. Neither was she ever known to stain her Hands with Bribes, or sell her Favours; but truly Noble and Generous in all she did: And if she ever accepted of any Present or Token of Gratitude, it was something rather gay than costly; either because she was satisfied with having done a good Work, or proud to shew how much the Royal Graces were at her disposal, or sensible that she had enough, and regarded Riches no further than as they were subservient to her Pleasures.

How many Years of this Supream Power and Glory she enjoy'd, is unknown to us at this Day, because we have no Account of the Year from whence to date the first of her Advancement; but without doubt she lived many Summers in the warmth and splendor of this eminent good Fortune. Our best Author assures us this, that from the first Hour the King receiv'd her into his Arms, she held the chief place in his Affections all the remaining part of his Life. And considering what sort of Person he was, a Hero in Arms, and famous for warlike Adventures; pleasant and agreeable in Conversation, great in the Riches and

and Splendor of his Court, liberal of his Favours, young, jovial and comely to the last, nothing could be wanting which a Lady most addicted to the Pleasures and Gratifications of Sense could require.

But when the fatal Day was come, that King *Edward* ended his Reign and Life together, his beloved Mistress was cast out of her Paradise, and fell from the Summit of her exalted Station. Yet not so as to plunge at once into that Ocean of Miseries which at last swallow'd up all her Joys. It was but an easie Descent at present, from the Crown to the Coronet, from Royal Majesty to High Nobility. You heard before, how the Lord Chamberlain *Hastings* was in the Number of her most early Admirers, and was more than once in Danger of violently seizing upon that which his Addresses could not obtain. And tho' he gratify'd his Revenge, by stirring up the King to carry her effectually from her Husband's Bed, yet this did not make a perfect Cure of his Passion, nor efface the bewitching Image which she had impress'd upon his Heart. He did indeed contain himself, and keep at a due distance from her, during the King's Life, either out of Reverence to his Royal Master, or from a pure Principle of Fidelity and Honesty. But upon his Decease, he renew'd his old Offers of Kindness to her, and was accepted, and so took her Home to himself; which afterwards involved her in his Ruin, and sunk her to the lowest Degree of Wretchedness: As you'll understand by what follows.

King *Edward* being Dead, and his two Sons much under Age, his Brother, the Duke of *Gloucester*, now *Protector* of the Realm, and afterwards King *Richard* the III^d, aspir'd to the Crown; and cruelly sacrificing all Men to his Ambition, who he suspected might oppose his Accession to it, among the rest, he compass'd the Death of the Lord *Hastings*, in this manner.

He order'd the Council to meet at the *Tower*, upon Pretence of considering how to Solemnize the Coronation of his Nephew King *Edward* V. When they were sat, he comes in frowning, knitting his Brows, biting his Lips, and so takes his Place. After a short Silence, he asks, What they deserv'd, who

without any regard to his Family or Office of *Protector*, had conspir'd his Destruction? At which Question the Lords were strangely amazed, as not able to imagine who or what he should mean by it.

The Man that ventur'd to speak first (as being very familiar with the *Protector*) was the Lord *Hastings*; who answer'd, that, whoever they were, they well deserv'd the Punishment of the worst of Traitors. *The wicked Instrument*, said the *Protector*, *is that Sorceress, my Brother's Wife* (meaning the Queen) *with her Accomplices*. *Hastings* was well enough pleased that the Queen (for whom he had no Affection) was named; only it troubled him that he was not made privy to this, as well as to the apprehending several of her Family, who were to be executed that Day at *Pomefret* Castle. The *Protector* immediately stript up the Sleeve of his Left Arm, and shewing it small and wither'd, *See*, says he, *how pitifully that Sorceress, and others of her Council, as Shore's Wife, with her Affinity, have by their Sorcery and Witchcraft consum'd my Body*.

There was not one in the Company but perceived that this was a groundless Calumny; for they all knew that his Arm had always been so ever since he was Born; and besides, if the Queen had been guilty of any such Practice (which she was too wise and good to be concern'd in) she would never have made Mrs. *Shore* her Confederate, whom of all Women she most hated, as that Concubine whom the King, her late Husband, most lov'd.

The Lord *Hastings*, nearly toucht with this broad Accusation of Mrs. *Shore*, whom he dearly loved, answer'd, *Certainly, my Lord, if they have done this, no Punishment can be too great for them. What* (replied the *Protector*) *dost serve me with Ifs and Ands? I tell thee they have done it, and that I will make good upon thy Body, Traitor*. And therewith he struck his Fist upon the Table; at which one without cry'd, *Treason*, and arm'd Men came rushing in, as many as the Room could hold. The *Protector* cry'd out to the Lord *Hastings*, *I arrest thee Traitor. What me, my Lord?* said *Hastings*. *Yes thou, Traitor*, quoth he. Which was no sooner said, but he was hurried to the Green.

Green by the Tower-Chapel, and his Head laid down upon a piece of Timber, which lay there for Building, and in a most Arbitrary and Tyrannical Way, struck off.

This Lord, tho' in himself no good Man, as his publick keeping of another Man's Wife declared, yet was much esteem'd by the late King's Friends, for his Loyalty to the House of *York*, and by the People for his Regard to the common Good. The *Protector* for these Reasons was sensible, that the News of his Death would cause great Discontents in all Parts of the Nation. Whereupon he thought it his wisest Course to send for the *Lord Mayor* and chief Citizens to him into the Tower, to give them a full Account of the Justice of the *Lord Hastings's* Sufferings; that so the Murmuring of the City being appeased, the Nation might have no Cause to repine.

But upon more mature Deliberation, this was not thought sufficient to appease the People's Minds; and therefore soon after the Citizens were gone, an *Herald* at Arms was sent into the City to publish a Proclamation to the same Effect. In which it was set forth " how the *Lord Hastings* had conspir'd " to assassinate the *Protector*, and seize upon the young King " and Government. And in how miserable a Condition this " Nation had been, if God had left them in his Hands, " appear'd from the former Actions of the said Lord, who being so ill a Man, could not make a good Governour. For " he it was, that by his ill Advice enticed the King's Father " to many things much redounding to his Dishonour, and to " the Universal Damage and Detriment of the Realm, leading " him into Debauchery by his exemplary Wickedness, and " procuring lewd and ungracious Persons to gratifie his Lusts, " and particularly *Shore's* Wife, who was one of his secret Council in this Treason; by which lewd living the said King " not only shorten'd his Days, but also was forced to oppress " and tax his People, that he might have enough to satisfy his Expences. And since the Death of the said King, " he hath lived in continual Incontinency with the said *Shore's* " Wife, and lay nightly with her, and particularly the very " Night before his Death; so that it was no marvel if his ungracious Life brought him to as unhappy an End.

The *Protector* having done as much as could be done to excuse his sudden and illegal Execution of the Lord *Hastings*, took himself obliged to proceed against Mrs. *Shore*, whom he had charged with the same Treason; lest if he should let her escape, he should betray his Plot: For if she were not guilty, no more was the Lord *Hastings*: And if he deserved Death, so did she. For this Reason he sent Sir *Thomas Howard* to her House, with an Order of Council to apprehend her Person, and seize her Goods as forfeited to the King by her Treason; which were both accordingly done; and her Goods, to the Value of two or three thousand Marks being taken from her, she was carry'd to Prison into the Tower. Within a few Days after, she was brought to her Examination before the King's Council; and the Protector laid to her Charge, " That she had endeavour'd his " Ruin and Destruction several Ways; and particularly, by " Witchcraft had consum'd his Body, and with the Lord *Hastings* had conspir'd to assassinate him." But she made so good a Defence, that there appear'd not the least Colour of Guilt upon her. When this would not do, the Protector and his Council accused her of open and scandalous Whoredom, which indeed she could not deny, because all the World knew it to be true. And therefore, to make an Example of her, they deliver'd her over to the Bishop of *London*, to do publick Penance for her Incontinence in the Cathedral of *St. Paul's*; which she accordingly perform'd the next *Sunday* Morning, after this Manner. Mrs. *Shore* being stript of all her Ornaments, and cloath'd in a white Sheet, was brought by way of Procession, with the Cross carry'd before her, and a Wax-Taper in her Hand, to *St. Paul's* Church from the Bishop's Palace adjoining, thro' great Crowds of People who came to gaze on her: And there standing before the Preacher, she acknowledg'd, in a Set Form of Words, her notorious Uncleannefs, and declared her Repentance of it. In all this Action she behaved her self with so much Modesty and Decency, that such as regarded her Beauty more than her Fault, never thought her so fair and lovely before. For wanting nothing to compleat her Beauty, but a little Colour, this publishing of her Shame, and the gazing of the Multi-

Multitude upon her, brought such an agreeable Red into her Cheeks, as made her look extremely fine. And many virtuous People who hated her Course of Life, and were glad at other times to see Sin corrected, yet now considering that the *Protector* punish'd her more out of Hatred to her Person, than Offence at her Sin, were sorry that she was singled out to be made the Example.

From this time we are to call the once admir'd, flourishing, and almost Royal Mrs. *Shore*, a mean, contemptible, helpless Woman. She was now thrown down from the Palace to the Prison, reduced from the highest Seat of Honour to a very low State of Infamy and Reproach: both Husband and Lovers were taken away from her: she was spoil'd of her Goods, and bereav'd of her Friends. Her Father and Mother were killed with Grief, and the rest of her Relations lost all they had, by the Violence of the *Protector*, who pretended that they got it from the Crown by her Interest with the King. But that which was most terrible and horrid even to mention, we are told that the Tyrant put out a Proclamation, commanding all People upon Pain of Death and Confiscation of Goods, not to Harbour her in their Houses, or relieve her with Food or Raiment. And to confirm this, they report, that a Baker in the City was hang'd for throwing out a Penny-Loaf to her, as she went by his Door, in Gratitude to her for saving his Life when he should have been hang'd for a Riot in the late King's Reign. So that she was forced to wander up and down, gathering any Trash she could find in the Fields and Streets for her Sustenance. However we cannot suppose that this inhuman Prohibition should be of any force in the two next Reigns wherein she lived: And for the present Tyranny, it was but of two Years continuance. But the wretched Fate of a begging Vagrant attended her to the end of her Days, and her dismal Fortune never cleared up, or once more smiled upon her.

If ever her Condition had changed again for the better, the most promising Juncture was, when her irreconcilable Enemy *Richard* the III^d was slain at the Battle of *Bosworth*, and his Usurpation succeeded by the milder Government of *Henry VII.*
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But he (unhappily for this poor Woman) Married the Daughter, and by Consequence took into Favour the Queen, of King *Edward IV*, to whom this wretched Creature was justly odious for the Wrongs she had done her in her Husband's Bed, and Affections. And therefore she was now doom'd utterly to despair of being deliver'd from the Hunger, Cold and Nakedness which she labour'd under.

One might justly have expected, that a Woman, who in the Days of her great Prosperity and Power with her Prince, had done so many good Offices in the World, as we before observed, and rais'd a great many Men to Riches and Honours, should have found one Friend at least endued with so much Gratitude, as to convey Relief to her by some means or other, and rescue her from the last Extremes of Poverty and Want. But every one of them (as if they had combin'd together so to do) shut their Doors against her, and shew'd her no manner of Compassion. Upon the first Notice she had of the Death of the Lord *Hastings*, and the Storm that hung over her own Head upon his Account, she presum'd the House of her old Friend and Confident Mrs. *Blague*, whom she had obliged in every thing, would be a safe Harbour for such Goods as she could conceal there. With her therefore she deposited her Jewels and richest Things, upon Promise that they should be safely restor'd again whenever she demanded them. But when her Necessities compell'd her to seek after them, the faithless Woman denied every thing, and thrust her out of her House with threatening and reproachful Language.

Thus to fall from the fullest Affluence of Riches and Pleasures, to the most loathsome Indigence and Beggary, to be turn'd out of a Royal Palace, where she had the command of all things, into the Streets and Fields, to be a Companion of the meanest Vagabonds; to be not only prosecuted by mortal Enemies, but frown'd upon and deserted by ungrateful Friends, and scorn'd by all her Acquaintance, who once thought it an Honour to wait on her, and esteem'd her Smiles a Blessing; these things must make dreadful Wounds in the Heart of a delicate and tender Lady.

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We cannot chuse but stand astonish'd at the Barbarity of the Age wherein she lived, when at this distance we feel our Hearts much affected with her Tragical Story, and it draws Tears from our Eyes to see her rueful Image pass before us.

But if we will make an impartial Estimate of all her Demerits, we must see and justify that Divine *Nemesis* which now Scourged her so severely for the Errors and Miscarriages of her past Life. For tho' it may be very true, that she never abused the King's Kindness to any Man's hurt, but improved her Interest with him more to others Benefit than her own; that when he was offended with any Man, she would mitigate his Anger and work a Reconciliation; that she rescued some from Death, others from Prisons, and a third sort from Fines and other Penalties; that she sought after poor People, relieved their Necessities, and perswaded others about the Court to do the like: I say, tho' all this may be very true, yet there was this grand Objection against every good Work that she did, that it was none of her own, she had no right to the Power and Station which enabled her to do it. While she was zealously concern'd to save others by an unlawful Power which she had acquired, she was daily ruining her own lawful Husband, having deserted him contrary to the Marriage Vow and Duty of a Wife, and thereby so disorder'd his Mind, that he became unfit for his Business, and fell into Poverty and Misery upon it. At the same time she did the greatest Injury to the Queen which a Woman could do her, by defrauding her of the King's Love and Embraces, which could justly be given to none but her Majesty, the Alienation of which must grievously afflict her, and make her Life melancholy and uncomfortable. And, not to mention many more pernicious Consequences of her Lewdness and ill Example, she made vile Returns to the Author of her great Beauty and good Wit, by using them as Incentives to Debauchery; and prostituting that fair Body to Brutal Lust, wherein Virtue (the best Ornament of the finest Woman) might have shone to great Advantage.

These Considerations may serve to account for that immense load of Calamities which fell upon her. Just and equitable it was, that she should feel the smart of those Necessities and
Hard-